

Matthew Good "Last Parade"

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"Last Parade"

It feels like time to let it go
It feels like time to break or show
It feels like to cut your breaks
Shut your mouth, do something, anything

It feels like time to fuck or leave
It feels like I choke you just to breathe
It feels like time ain't time at all
Just black out, wake up foreign, wander home

Take me out, lay me down
Let the dirt fall all around me
Baby ain't it good to be back home?
They're burning futures in the mountains
All lit up, ya you can count yours
Baby ain't it good to be back home?

It feels like just another day
Like one more dead town's parade
Like we're taking pictures of a tidal wave
On the shore grinning a hundred feet away
It feels like time ain't time at all
Just black, wake up foreign, wander home

Take me out, lay me down
Let the dirt fall all around me
Baby ain't it good to be back home
They're burning futures in the mountains
All lit up, ya you can count yours
Baby ain't it good to be back home?
Ain't it good to be back home?

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